The Women of the Iliad

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Hugh Woodruff Taylor

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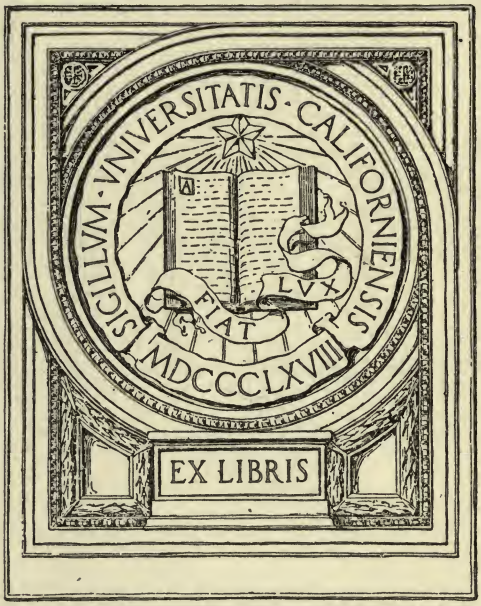

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Homerus
II

The Women of the Iliad

A Metrical Translation of the First Book and of the Other Passages in which Women Appear

BY

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Through all the din of war, the shout, the groan,
Of vanquisher and vanquished, 'round beleagured Troy,
Through all the wild turmoil of men's employ,
In every pause, is heard a woman's moan.

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PREFACE

Homer never preaches, and yet there is a moral "writ large" in the story that he tells us in the Iliad. The passionate pride of Achilles, the arrogance of Agamemnon, the rather pusillanimous attitude of the other Achaean princes, except the aged Nestor, during and for quite awhile after the quarrel of the two, soon bring due punishment on them.

The self-indulgence, treachery and violation of the sacred claims of hospitality by Paris—all of which Priam and the Trojans made their own when they refused to restore Helen to her rightful husband—all these abuses of justice were atoned for in the final overthrow of Ilium's high-built towers.

The Greeks personified the just distribution of fortune "nemesis," and made of it the goddess of retribution. Nemesis, whose office it was to humble inordinate good fortune and its not unusual attendants, pride and haughtiness, and even that which they named "hubris," the wanton insolence that is not afraid to over-ride the most sacred rights of others. Retribution, then, was

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thought of by the Greeks as the re-distribution of the diverse gifts of fortune.

Priam, Hector, Paris, Antenor, are the Trojan men; Agamemnon, Menelaus, Achilles, Ulysses, Nestor, are the Achaean men; and Helen, Hecaba, Andromache, Leodice, Cassandra, Theano, Chryseis, and Briseis, are the women. Zeus, Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus are the gods and Hera, Athena, Aphrodite, Thetis and Iris are goddesses that appear in these translations. The following sketch of some of these may help the reader to a clearer understanding of the story.

The selfish, pleasure-loving Paris gave Aphrodite the golden apple, the prize of supreme beauty that Eris, the goddess of discord, because she had not been invited to the wedding of Peleus and Thetis to which all the other gods had been asked, was angered and threw among the guests a golden apple with this inscription, "For the most beautiful." Hera, Aphrodite and Palas-Athena, each claimed it for herself. Zeus prudently declined to act as umpire, but sent them to Priam's son Paris, who was tending his flocks on the slopes of Mount Ida. So thither they went and each one offered him a bribe. Hera promised power and wealth; Athena, glory and renown in war; and Aphrodite, the fairest of women to be his wife, whom he well knew was

the wedded wife of another and whom he could only get by stealing her from her husband by the help of Aphrodite. Helen was the price, the beautiful and lovable Helen, who calls herself bad names at times, and her mother-in-law and sisters-in-law upbraid her, as she says, "with gibing insolence," there is no record, however, of anyone else doing so—such wonder-workers are beauty and winsomeness. She was restored to her husband finally and reinstated in her former and rightful position, not only in her home but also in the heart of her husband.

Priam, the king, was an old man during this war, and was over-borne by bad councilors who had been bribed by the stolen wealth of Paris not to restore Helen. He lived to see his city taken and ravaged, and was slain by Achilles' son, Pyrrhus. Hecuba, his wife, was sitting by his side at the time, and was haled away to slavery along with her daughter Laodice, who was married to Prince Helicaon. Cassandra is a pathetic figure in later mythology, a prophetess whose predictions no one would believe. Theano was a sister of Hecuba and wife of Antenor. He was one of the few princes that advocated returning Helen to her husband, Chriseis and Briseis are patronymics, their own names were Astynome and Hippodamia. Helen, after the fall of Troy, returned to Menelaus, whom she

had never ceased to love, even while under the magic power of Aphrodite she looked upon herself as the wife of Paris—the feminine mind is not always logical.

Hector and Andromache are the two noblest characters in the Iliad, either among Trojans or Achaeans, and it is worthy of notice that a Greek poet should have allotted such distinction to an alien race.

An unrhymed six-beat iambic-trochaic blank verse has been used in this version. It seemed that I was able thereby to keep my rendering almost as close to the original as a prose translation, and at the same time rhythmical and worthy.

If it shall prove acceptable, it will be followed by "The Women of the Odyssey."

Stockton, Calif., 1911.

The Women of the Iliad

THE QUARREL OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

The wrath of Peleus' son, Achilles, goddess sing,
That ruinous wrought the Achaeans countless griefs, and sent
Adown to Hades' house full many gallant souls
Of heroes, and made their bodies prey for dogs and all
The carrion-birds—yet Zeus was accomplishing his will,
That very time when first in quarrel stood aloof
The son of Atreus, master of men, and noble Achilles.
Now, which of the gods impelled these two to quarrel? The son
Of Zeus and Leto. Incensed against the king, he brought
An evil sickness upon the host, whereof the folk
Were perishing, because of Chryses, his priest, disdained
By Atreus' son. To the swift-sailing ships of Achaeans he came
To free his daughter, bringing a ransom of untold wealth,
And bearing in his hands upon a gold-enstudded staff
Bolt-speeder Apollo's fillet. All the Achaeans he begged,
But most the sons of Atreus twain. the marshals of the folk:
"Ye sons of Atreus, and ye comely-greaved Achaeans all,
May the gods, that hold the Olympian mansions, grant you to seize
And sack the city of Priam, then safely voyage home:

Release me, though, my own dear child and this ransom take,
Revering so the son of Zeus, bolt-speeder Apollo."
Then all the other Achaeans at once acclaimed assent,
To reverence the priest and the splendrous ransom take;
Yet this pleased not the heart of Atrides-Agamemnon,
But he roughly drave him off, and laid on him a harsh command:
"Thou must not let me find thee near the hollow ships,
Old man, or lingering now, or later coming back;
Lest thou obtain no help from the staff and fillet of the god.
But her I'll not release, e'en when old-age shall come
To her, in our house, in Argos, far from her natal land—
There busied with the loom, and sharing, too, my bed.
But go, provoke me not, that safer thou mayest fare."
So spake; the old man was seized with fear and heeded the command,
And silent went by the shore of the ever-surging sea.
But when he'd gone afar, the old man prayed aloud
To sovereign Apollo, whom beauteous-haired Latona bore:
"Give ear to me and heed, thou bearer of the silvern bow;
That wardest Chrysa 'round and sacred Cilla, and rul'st
Puissant over Tenedos isle, O Smitheus!
If ever I reared and roofed a temple acceptable to thee,
Or burned for thee fat slices cut from the thighs of bulls
And goats, fulfill for me this yearning wish of mine;
That by thy missiles the Danaans may atone my tears."
So spake he in his prayer, and radiant Apollo heard,
And down from the heights of Olympus came he, wroth at heart,
With bow upon his shoulders borne and close-covered quiver.
The arrows clanked upon his shoulders as on he moved
In wrathful haste; like night he came. Aloof from the ships
He sat; then sent an arrow forth; and dreadful came
The clangor gendered of the silvern bow. At first he struck

The mules and nimble-footed dogs; thereafter sped
A poignant missile against the men themselves and smote
Them. Ever were in blaze the crowded pyres of the dead.
Nine days the shafts of the god were ranging throughout
the camp;
On the tenth day, though, Achilles a summoning had of
the folk—
The white-armed goddess, Hera, put this into his mind;
For she was grieved to see the Danaans dying off.
Now when they all were come together and had convened,
Among them arose swift-footed Achilles and said:
"Atrides, me seemeth now that we must journey home
Repulsed, that haply death we may escape, if war
And pestilence together shall surely whelm the Achaeans.
But come, and let us now consult some seer or priest,
Or even a dreamer of dreams—for the dream, too,
cometh from Zeus—
That he may tell why radiant Apollo is so incensed;
If it be for some defaulted vow or hecatomb
He blameth, mayhap the savory smoke of spotless goats
And lambs would he accept, and ward this pestilence off."
So spake he and sat him down. Among them then arose
Calchas, son of Thestor, chiefest dreamer of dreams by
far,
Who knew the things that are, and are to be, and were;
And through to Ilium he had led the Achaean ships
By his soothsaying skill, that radiant Apollo gave to him.
He wise and well-disposed addressed the council and said:
"Achilles, Zeus-beloved, me dost thou summon now
To tell the cause of bolt-speeding king Apollo's wrath;
And therefore will I speak; but give good heed and swear
That thou with forward mind wilt shield by word and
hand;
For I know that I shall anger one that ruleth all
The Argives mightily, whom the Achaeans, too, obey.
For a king hath power far beyond, if he be wroth
With one that is a subject; though he digest his gall
For the day, still holdeth he spite in his heart, until at last

It hath been sated. Think, now, if thou wilt keep me
safe:"
And then in answer to him swift-footed Achilles spake:
"Be wholly fearless and speak whatever oracle thou
know'st;
For by Apollo, Zeus-beloved, through prayer to whom
Thou, Calchas, makest known to the Danaans signs from
the god,
Shall no man, while I live and see the light of day,
Lay heavy hand on thee beside the hollow ships,
Of all the Danaans, e'en though Agamemnon's self
Thou name, that claimeth now to be the foremost of
Achaeans."
So forthwith, then, the noble seer unfearing spake:
"For no defaulted vow he blameth nor hecatomb,
But it is because of his priest disdained by Agamemnon,
In that he would not restore his daughter nor the ransom
receive.
For this, Bolt-speeder sent these griefs and still will send;
And never at all will the god from the Danaans take away
This loathsome pestilence, until hath been restored
To her father dear the damsel with the lustrous eyes,
unbought,
Unransomed, and a sacred hecatomb unto Chrysa borne;
Apollo haply then we may propitiate and win."
So spake he and sat him down. Among them then arose
The hero, the son of Atreus, far-ruling Agamemnon,
In pain of heart, his midriff swollen black with rage,
The while the eyes of him blazed like fire. To Calchas
first
With evil, threatening look he spake: "Thou seer of ills,
Thou'st never spoken for me aught good: 'T hath always
been
Thy heart's delight to augur mischiefs; at no time yet
Hast thou foretold or brought to pass a thing worth while.
And now with thy soothsayings the Danaans thou
harangu'st,
How Bold-speeder bringeth on them these griefs because,
forsooth,

I would not receive the splendrous ransom for Chryses' child;
Since much do I desire to have her home with me,
Preferring far, indeed, her to Clytemnestra,
My wedded wife, to whom in naught inferior is she,
In stature, form, or mind, and least of all in skill.
Though this be true, I wish to restore her, if so be best—
Far rather choosing safety for the folk than doom of death.
But a prize provide for me straightway, lest I of all
The Argives be the prizeless one—this were unmeet—
Ye all see plainly how my prize is going hence."
Thereupon made answer to him swift-footed, noble Achilles:
"Exalted Atrides, of all men greediest thou of gain;
For how shall the high-hearted Achaeans bestow a prize on thee?
We know not anywhere of a common store laid by,
Since the plunder of cities sacked hath been already shared,
And it were unmeet that the folk collect and bring it back.
But yield her now to the god, and we Achaeans then
Will threefold, fourfold, pay thee back, whenever Zeus
Shall give some strong-walled city of Troas to be despoiled."
To him in answer spake then sovereign Agamemnon:
"Think not, though very shrewd thou art, godlike Achilles,
To gain by craft; thou shalt not foil me, nor persuade.
Dost wish, the while thou hast a prize, that I meantime
Shall sit thus lacking one, when so thou urgest me
To give her back? But if the stout-hearted Achaeans bestow
A prize quite suited to my mind, to be of equal worth—
Though should they not, then I myself will go and seize
A prize—from thee, mayhap, or Ajax, or else Ulysses—
He surely will be sorely vexed to whom I come.
This matter, though, will we determine by and by.

But come, let us draw a black ship down to the boundless sea,
And gather oarsmen fit and ample, and put therein
A hecatomb, and place on board Chryses' fair-cheeked child,
And let some council-bearing man be captain thereof,
As either Idomeneus, or Ajax, or brilliant Ulysses—
Or even thou thyself, Pelides, terriblest of men—
That thou for us with sacrifices Far-smiter may appease."
With glowering look at him then spake swift-footed Achilles:
"Oh, faugh, enwrapped in shamelessness, thou greedy cheat:
How now shall any Achaeans yield to thy commands
With zeal, to go on a raid, or stoutly fight with men?
I surely came not hither upon mine own account
To battle with Trojan spearmen; they never did me harm;
No cows of mine nor horses ever drave they off,
Nor ever in deep-loamed Phthia, generous feeder of men,
Have laid an harvest waste, for in truth there are between
Full many shadowing mountains and the tumultuous sea.
In thy behalf, most shameless one, we followed here,
To gladden thee by wresting amends for Menelaus—
For thee, too, dog-eyes—from the Trojans. These things, nevertheless,
Thou heedest not nor carest for; and so my prize,
For which I painfully toiled, and the sons of Achaeans gave,
Thou threat'nest now to snatch away from me for thine own.
But I, indeed, have never a prize like thine, whene'er
Some well-peopled city of Trojans, the Achaeans have taken and sacked;
But the main of furious fighting these hands of mine have done:
Yet when division cometh thy prize exceedeth far,
While I return to the ships with a meagre one for mine,
Worn out with warring. But now I go to Phthia, home—

Far better so—with my curve-beaked ships. I have no mind,
Dishonored here, to draw forth goods and wealth for thee."
To him in answer spake then master of men, Agamemnon:
"Flee, surely, if so thy spirit urgeth! Nowise do I
Beseech thy stay on mine account; others there are
To do me honor, and chiefest, counsel-giver Zeus.
Far hatefulest to me art thou of Zeus-fostered kings;
For always quarrels are dear to thee, and wars, and broils.
Though hugely strong thou art, some god hath given thee that.
Go home, then, take those ships of thine, thy liegemen, too,
And lord it o'er thy Myrmidons! I mind thee not,
Nor heed thine ire. But now to thee will I use threats.
Since radiant Apollo taketh Chryseis away from me,
Then her will I send back with my ship and liegeman; but I
Myself, mayhap, shall go to thy cabin and fetch that prize
Of thine, the fair-cheeked child of Briseus, that thou may'st know
How mightier than thou am I; that another henceforth may dread
To deem himself mine equal, and rival me face to face."
So spake he; anguish seized Pelides then, and his mind
Within his hairy breast debated to and fro,
That he should either draw his sharp-edged sword from his thigh,
Disperse those there, and forthwith do Atrides to death;
Or rather refrain his rage and hold his soul in check.
Now while these things he studied deep down in mind and heart,
And out from its scabbard was drawing the ponderous sword, there came
From heaven Athena, by the white-armed goddess Hera sent,
Whose heart was fraught with equal love and care for both.

She stood behind and by his golden hair she seized
Pelides, disclosed to him alone—none other saw—
Achilles was astonished, and turned and straightway then
he knew
Pallas-Athena; and terrible to him was the gleam of her
eyes.
Then voicing swift-winged words, he spake them forth to
her:
"Now wherefore, child of aegis-bearing, Zeus, hast come?
To witness the arrogance of Agamemnon, Atreus' son?
Yet plainly will I tell thee what I deem shall hap;
His wonted spite shall quickly forfeit him his life."
To him forthwith the grey-eyed goddess Athena spake:
"I've come from heaven to stay thy rage, if thou wilt
heed;
For the white-armed goddess Hera sent me hither,
because
Her heart is fraught with equal love and care for both.
But come now, curb thy passion and do not let thy hand
Draw sword; unbraid him, though, in words, as shall
befall.
For I will tell thee now that which in truth shall be
Hereafter brought to pass. Indeed, shall splendrous gifts,
Threefold, be offered thee to expiate this spite of him;
So then refrain thee, and be obedient unto us."
And then in answer to her swift-footed Achilles said:
"'T is needful, Goddess, ever to heed the word of you
twain,
Though one be greatly wroth at heart—'tis better so—
Whoever obeyeth the gods, to him they surely list."
He said; on the silver-studded hilt his heavy hand
He stayed, then into the scabbard back again he thrust
The ponderous sword, nor disobeyed Athena's word.
But unto Olympus she already was gone, to the home
Of aegis-bearer Zeus, amid the other gods.
Achilles then addressed once more with baneful words
The son of Atreus, and nowise ceased he from his bitter
wrath;

"Thou sodden with wine, with eyes of dog and heart of deer,
That, craven, darest neither buckle on cuirass
With the folk for war, nor go with chosen Achaean chiefs
On ambuscades; for such seem doom of death to thee.
It liketh thee better to reave throughout the spacious camp
Of Achaeans their prizes, whosoever gainsay thee.
O folk-devouring king! since good-for-naughts thou rul'st;
If 't were not so, Atrides, this were thy last despite.
But plainly will I speak to thee, and therewith swear
An oath of might; yea, by this staff that never again
Shall put forth leaves and twigs, since first it left its stem
On the mountains, nor ever shall it bourgeon more; for all
Around the brazen axe hath stripped away both leaves
And bark; but the sons of Achaeans bear it now in their hands,
The lawgivers, they that have in care decrees of Zeus—
So this shall be to thee, indeed, an oath of might—
Hereafter shall surely come to all the sons of Achaeans
Sore longing for Achilles; thou, too, greatly plagued with grief,
Shalt have no power in the least to help, when many fall
In death before man-slaying Hector; whilst thou shalt rend
Thy very heart, infuriate, because thou hast
In no wise given honor due the foremost of Achaeans."
So spake Pelides; dashed he then upon the ground
The staff pierced through with golden nails, and sat him down.
Atrides fronting him was fuming still. At once
Rose Nestor of tuneful speech, the winsome pleader of Pylos;
And sweeter far than honey the voice of him flowed from his tongue.
Two generations now of mortal men had come
And gone, that were before in sacred Pylos born

And reared with him, and over the third he now was king.
He wise and well-disposed addressed the council and said:
"Alas, upon the Achaean land a heavy grief
Hath surely come; King Priam now may well rejoice,
And Priam's sons, and the other Trojans be glad at heart,
To hear the tale of all this quarrel betwixt you two,
That are of Danaans ablest in counsel, ablest in war.
Be guided now by me—ye both are younger than I—
For I in times long gone with better men than you
Have mingled freely, nor ever met from them rebuff.
I never since have seen such men, nor hope to see.
There were Pirithous and Druas, shepherds of the folk,
Exadius, Caeneus, and Polyphemus, the peer of the gods,
And Theseus, son of Aegalis, alike the Deathless Ones.
Of earth-born men these mightiest waxed indeed:
Yea, mightiest were they truly and with the mightiest fought,
With mountain monsters even, whom they utterly destroyed.
I say, with these I mingled freely, though far I came,
From Pylos, a distant land—themselves had summoned me—
And I held my own in battle. No one of those that are
Earth-dwelling mortals to-day might at all contend with them.
My counsels truly they heeded, too, and yielded to my word.
Now likewise yield ye, since yielding is better. So do not thou,
Although supreme thy power, seize the damsel from him,
But leave her to him; for the sons of Achaens gave him this prize
At the first; nor thou, Pelides, be willing to quarrel with the king
And fight; an equal honor hath no sceptered king
Attained—by Zeus hath been bestowed this dignity on him.

Though strong thou art, exceeding, of goddess-mother
born,
Yet more exalted he, for he ruleth many more.
Atrides, cease thy grudge; again I beg of thee,
Dismiss thine anger towards Achilles; for he hath been
To all Achaeans a mighty bulwark against dread war."
To him then in answer sovereign Agamemnon spake:
"Yea, all these things, old man, thou'st so far rightly said;
But this man wisheth to be above all other men;
He wisheth to be the master of all, to king it over all;
To dominate all—but one I deem will not obey.
Although the eternal gods have made a spearman of him,
Do they impel him therefore to voice such insolence?"
But breaking in on him then, noble Achilles replied:
"Yea surely, coward and nithing I should thereafter be
judged,
If I would yield in everything to thy behests.
Lay thy commands on others now, since me thou shalt
Not dominate; for I deem that thee I'll not at all obey.
But this I tell thee, and do thou lay it well to heart;
I shall in no wise fight in arms on the damsel's account,
With neither thee nor others, that give and take away.
But all things else of mine beside the swift, black ships,
Thou shalt not take and bear away against my will.
But if thou wish, make trial, that all these here may
know;
Straightway thy blood shall gush all dark about my
spear."
Now when these two had ended the battle of passionate
words,
They arose and ended the council beside the Achaean
ships.
Pelides went to his cabins and well-trimmed ships
forthwith,
Along with Menoetius' son and his liegeman; Atrides,
though,
At once drew down a swift-sailing ship to the salty sea,
Selected twenty oarsmen, brought a hecatomb

For the god, then led and placed on board Chryses' fair-
cheeked child.
Deviceful Ulysses went along as captain thereof.
So these embarked and journeyed over the watery ways.
Atrides bade the folk thereafter cleanse themselves.
They cleansed themselves and cast the uncleanness into
the sea.
Sufficing hecatombs they sacrificed of bulls
And goats to Apollo along the shore of the restless sea;
The savor rose to heaven, swirling about in the smoke.
In this way were they busied then about the camp;
But Agamemnon had nowise laid aside the strife
Wherein he first against Achilles uttered threats.
So thereupon Talthybius and Eurybates he bespake,
That were his heralds twain and ever-zealous squires:
"Go ye forthwith to the cabin of Peleus' son, Achilles,
And take by the hand fair-cheeked Briseis and bring her
here.
If though he will not yield her, I myself with more
Shall come and fetch her; this will be far worse for him."
So spake he and sent them, and laid on them a stern
command.
Reluctant they went along the shore of the restless sea,
Until they came to the Myrmidonian cabins and ships.
They found him seated near-by his cabin and black-hued
ship—
And truly the seeing them nowise gladdened him.
But neither did they tell him aught nor question him.
But yet he knew in his heart and called aloud to them:
"All hail, ye heralds, ye messengers of Zeus and men,
Come nearer; I hold not you, but Agamemnon in fault,
The one that sent you hither about the damsel Briseis.
Go, Zeus-descended Patroclus, bring forth the damsel
and give
To them to lead away. These twain themselves shall be
My witnesses surely before the face of the blessed gods,
Of mortal men, and also of this churlish king;
Whenever need of me shall after come to ward
Those others from shameful ruin. This man surely raves

With a baleful mind, nor doth he know to look before
And after, that his Achaeans may safely battle beside
Their ships." So spake he; Patroclus obeyed his comrade then,
And forth from the cabin he brought fair-cheeked Briseis and gave
To them to lead away. So went they back again
Along by the Achaean ships, and with them the woman went
Quite loath. Straightway Achilles weeping seated himself
Aloof from his comrades upon the margent of the dim-grey sea,
And gazed out over the wine-dark deep; then stretching forth
His hands, he called upon his mother in urgent prayer:
"O mother, seeing that thou hast borne me to a life so brief,
The Olympian ought some signal glory to have bestowed,
Yea, Zeus that thundereth on high; yet hath he honored me
Not the least. Atreides, though, wide-ruling Agamemnon,
Hath done me dishonor, wresting away my prize for himself."
So spake he weeping; and him his reverend mother heard,
As she sat beside her aged sire in the deep of the sea.
Forthwith from the dim-grey sea she arose, as 'twere a mist,
And seated herself straightway before him shedding tears,
And stroked him with her hands, and spake to him and called him by name:
"My child, why wailest thou? What grief hath seized thy soul?
Speak out, hide naught in thy mind, that so we both may know."
Then sobbing heavily swift-footed Achilles made answer to her:
"Thou knowest, then why to thee aware should I rehearse
All this? To Thebe, Eetion's sacred city, we marched,

And we ravaged it, and everything we fetched away,
And the sons of Achaeans made a just division of all,
And for Atreides they set apart Chryses' fair-cheeked child.
Thereafter Chryses, though, bolt-speeding Apollo's priest,
To the swift-sailing ships of the bronze-cuirassed Achaeans came
To free his daughter, bringing a ransom of untold wealth,
And bearing in his hands upon a gold-enstudded staff
Bolt-speeder Apollo's fillet. All the Achaeans he begged,
But most the sons of Atreus twain, the marshals of the folk.
Then all the other Achaeans at once acclaimed assent,
To reverence the priest and the splendrous ransom take;
Yet this pleased not the heart of Atreides—Agamemnon,
But he roughly drave him off, and laid on him a harsh command.
The old man went away incensed; and Apollo heard
His prayers, seeing he was so greatly beloved of the god,
Who then against the Argives a baneful missile sent.
And now the folk kept dying, throngs on throngs, while the shafts
Of the god were ranging through the Achaeans' spacious camp
From end to end. The well-skilled seer then declared
To us in council Bolt-speeder's oracle. First of all
I straightway urged to pacify the god; thereat
A bitter rage laid hold of Atreides; he quickly arose
And uttered a threat, which now indeed hath been fulfilled.
So her the bright-eyed Achæans are sending to Chrysa now
In a swift-sailing ship, and are carrying gifs for the Archer king;
The other the heralds went to my cabin this day and took,
The child of Briseus, that the sons of Achaeans gave to me.
But thou, since thou art fully able, protect thy son;
To Olympus go and Zeus entreat by any word

Or deed wherewith thou'st ever gladdened the heart of Zeus.
For often have I in my father's halls heard thee avow
And tell that thou alone among the Deathless Ones
From shameful wreck didst cloud-enshrouded Cronion save,
That very time the other Olympians eagerly sought
To bind him fast, both Hera and Poseidon and Pallas-Athena.
But thou didst come there, Goddess, and set him free from bonds,
By quickly calling the hundred-handed one to high
Olympus—him the gods Briareus name, but men
Aegaeon call—he far surpasseth his father in strength.
So then he sat by Cronion's side, exultant in might;
And the blessed gods afraid of him, forebore to bind.
Remind him now of all this matter, near him sit
And clasp his knees; if so by any means he will
Assist the Trojans, and hem the Achaeans close about
The sterns of their ships along the seashore, doomed to be slain;
That all may have real proof of their king; that Atreides, too,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, may surely come to know
His frenzy in nowise honoring the chiefest of Achaean men."
Then Thetis, letting many a tear fall, answered him:
"Ah me, my child, now wherefore, a wretched mother, have I borne
And nurtured thee! Oh would that thou beside the ships
Wert sitting tearless and scathless, since thy destined time
Is nowise long, but very brief; thou hast become
At once short-lived and piteous now beyond all men;
So thee to an evil doom I bore within our halls.
To snow-crowned Olympus surely I'll go and tell this word
Of thine to thunder-hurler Zeus, if he will heed.
But keep thyself beside thy swift-sailing ships, still wroth

Against the Achaeans, and altogether refrain from war;
For Zeus but yesterday went to Ocean-stream for a feast
With the noble Aethiops; all of the gods, too, follow him.
Upon the twelfth day, though, to Olympus cometh he back,
And then I'll surely go to the bronze-floored palace of Zeus,
And clasping his knees, entreat him; I trust I shall prevail."
Now when she so had spoken, she went her way, but left
Him there incensed at heart for the fair-girdled woman's sake,
That they had taken by force against his will. But now
Meanwhile Ulysses, bringing the sacred hecatomb had come
To Chrysa. So when within the haven deep they came,
They took in the sails, bestowed them within the dark-hued ship,
Unstepped the mast, by the forestays lowered it into the crutch
With speed, and unto the landing place then drave her with oars.
Then cast they forth the mooring-stones, the stern-lines made fast,
And all the men went out on the surf-washed beach of the sea,
And then for bolt-speeder Apollo the hecatomb they put ashore.
And after went Chryses' child from the sea-sailing ship.
Deviceful Ulysses led her then to the altar-mound,
And into her father's hands he gave her, and said to him:
"O Chryses, Agamemnon, master of men, hath sent me to bring
Thy child to thee, and to offer a sacred hecatomb
To the Radiant One on the Danaans' behalf, to appease the King,
That now hath brought upon the Argives lamentable woes."

So saying, he gave her into his hands, and the father with joy
Received his darling child. The noble hecatomb for the god
At once about his well-builded altar they duly ranged;
Thereafter washed their hands and took the barley-meal.
Then Chryses prayed aloud for them with hands uplift:
"Give ear to me and heed, thou bearer of the silvern bow,
That wardest Chrysa 'round and sacred Cilla, and rul'st
Puissant over Tenedos isle! As heretofore
Thou gavest heed to my prayers and highly honored me,
And brought a punishment sore upon the Achaean folk;
So again and now fulfill for me this yearning wish:
That thou ward off from the Danaans loathsome pestilence."
So spake he in his prayer, and radiant Apollo heard.
Now when they had made their prayers and sprinkled the barley-meal,
They first raised up the victims' heads, then slaughtered and flayed,
And portions then from the thighs they cut and wrapped in fat
In double fold, and other pieces laid o'er all.
And these the old man burned upon the cloven wood,
And poured thereon libations of ruddy wine; the youths
At his side were handling the while the five-tined forks.
When the thighs
Were all consumed and the vitals tasted, the rest they cut
In smaller portions and pierced them through with spits, and these
They roasted then with utmost care, and drew them off.
Now when they had ceased their toil, then made they ready the feast
And portioned to all, that no heart lacked its proper share.
So when they had appeased all craving for food and drink,
The youths with wine and water brimmed the mixing-bowls,
And they filled for each one, after due libation poured.
And all day long the Achaean youths with choral hymn

And dance appeased the god, and the lovely paean sang
To the Far-smiter Apollo, and pleased at heart was he to hear.
But when the sun was set and upon them came the dark,
They then beside their ship's stern-hawsers couched. And when
First-born of Morning, rosy-fingered Dawn appeared,
They at once made ready to sail to the Achaeans' spacious camp;
And Far-smiter Apollo sent forth to them a favoring breeze.
So then they stepped the mast, and the white sails spread; and the wind
Blew into the bellying sails, and all about the prow
The foaming billows loudly sang, as the ship bore on
And sped adown the surges, winning her homeward way.
When at last to the Achaeans' spacious camp they were come, they drew
The dark-hued ship to land, well up the beach, and ranged
Long props beneath; and then dispersed to their cabins and ships.
But sitting beside his swift-sailing ships, was wrathful still
The heaven-descended son of Peleus, swift-footed Achilles;
And neither to man-ennobling council went he at all,
Nor at all to battle; but wasted his heart the while he kept
Away, and sorely longed for battle-cry and war.
Now when thereafter the twelfth day morn was come at last,
And so the gods that are forever had all returned
To Olympus in company—Zeus their leader. Thetis then
Forgat not her son's demands, but rose from the waves of the sea,
And went in the morning mists to Olympus in heaven vast.
She found far-thundering Cronides sitting quite apart
From all, on the highest crest of many-peaked Olympus.

Straightway before him she seated herself, with her left arm clasped
His knees, and then with her right hand stroked his beard; at length
Entreating the son of Cronos, sovereign Zeus, she said:
"O Father Zeus, if ever, either by word or deed,
I brought thee assistance verily amid the deathless ones,
Do thou fulfill for me this my yearning wish,
That thou wilt honor my son that hath now come to be
Far shorter-lived than others; for master of men, Agamemnon,
Hath done him dishonor, wresting away his prize for himself.
But give him recompense, Olympian, all-wise Zeus;
Meanwhile confer upon the Trojans victorious strength,
Until the Achaeans honor my son and add amends."
So spake she; never a word, though, answered cloud-gatherer Zeus,
But sat long silent; and Thetis, as she was clasping his knees,
So clung to them close, and asked him then the second time:
"Yea, give me now the unfailing word and bow assent;
Or else refuse—here's naught to fear; that I may know
How greatly disesteemed a god am I of all."
Then much perturbed cloud-gatherer Zeus spake out to her:
"'Tis a mischievous matter truly, if thou shalt set me at odds
With Hera, that so she may provoke me with taunting words.
For even now she's ever railing at me among
The deathless gods and saying I give the Trojans aid
In battle, but do thou go at once, lest Hera observe;
And I will think these matters over to bring them about.
But see, now will I bow the head, that thou mayest trust;
For this from me among the Deathless Ones is pledge
Secure; for word of mine may not deceive, nor be
Revoked, nor unfulfilled, to which I bow the head."

So Cronion spake, and thereto bowed his sombre brows;
Forthwith the fragrant locks flowed waving down from the king's
Immortal head, and therewith shook Olympus vast.
The two so counselled together and parted; and she forthwith
To the deep sea leapt from gleaming Olympus, and Zeus then fared
To his palace. There all the gods together arose from their seats
In their father's presence; none dared await his coming, but each
Before him stood. So he seated himself upon his throne.
Not unaware was Hera, because with him she'd seen
The silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the Old-one of the sea,
Contriving covert plans. Straightway with sharp-cutting words
To Cronion-Zeus she spake; "What one of the gods again,
Intriguer, hath been with thee contriving covert plans?
'T is always thy pleasure to keep thyself apart from me,
Deciding judgments in secret, never hast thou yet
Had courage to tell me freely what scheme thou hast devised."
In answer to her then spake the father of men and gods:
"Thou must not, Hera, hope to know my purposes all:
They are too hard for thee, although thou are my wife.
Yet whatsoever, is meet and right for thee to hear,
Then none shall know it sooner, either of gods or men;
Yet when apart from the gods I would deliberate,
Of these things must thou neither question nor seek to learn."
In answer to him then kine-eyed, reverend Hera spake:
"Most fearful Cronides, what saying is this that thou hast made?
Yea, never before have I questioned thee, nor sought to learn;
But unmolested hast thou devised whate'er thou wouldst:
Yet I terribly fear in my heart that thou has been misled

By silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the Old-one of the sea.
For in early morning she sat beside thee and clasped thy knees.
I mistrust that thou to her hast surely bowed assent
To honor Achilles and slaughter hosts by the Achaean ships."
In answer to her then spake again cloud-gatherer Zeus:
"O thou possessed! art always suspecting; nowise can I
Escape thee; yet naught shalt thou accomplish; but only be
Still further from my heart—for thee a harsher state.
If this be as thou sayest, 'tis so by mine own will,
But do thou sit in quietness and harken to what I say;
Lest all the gods in Olympus help thee not, if I
Come nearer and lay on thee mine irresistible hands."
So spake he; and kine-eyed, reverend Hera sat still in fear,
Restraining her heart; and the heaven-dwelling gods were grieved
In the palace of Zeus. To them Hephæsus, artificer renowned,
To pleasure his mother, white-armed Hera, began discourse:
"'Twill be a mischievous matter truly, and grievous to be borne,
If for mortals' sake you two thus quarrel and force loud brawls
Among the gods; nor will there be enjoyment any more
Of the stately feast, whenever evil counsels prevail.
So I would win my mother, though quite discreet herself,
To pleasure our father Zeus, that our father upbraid us no more,
And disturb our feasts. If the Olympian sender-of-lightning should wish
To hurl us forth from our seats!—for exceeding strong is he.
But address him with gentle words; the Olympian then will be

Propitious to us forthwith." So spake he, and arose and placed
The two-handled cup in his mother's hands, and said to her:
"Be patient, mother mine, and bear up, though greatly grieved;
That thee, who art so dear, I see not beaten before
Mine eyes; while I, in sore distress, can nowise help.
For a hard one is the Olympian to set oneself against.
As once before, when thee I eagerly strove to save,
By the foot he caught me and hurled from the threshold wondrous-wrought.
The whole day long I fell, until at set of sun
I dropped in Lemnos, and little life was left in me.
When fallen, the Sintian folk forthwith took care of me."
So spake he; thereto white-armed Hera smiled on him,
And smiling, took in her hand the cup from her son. And then
To all the other gods from left to right he poured
Unceasing, and served sweet nectar from the mixing-bowl.
And inextinguishable laughter among the blessed gods
Arose to see Hephæstus bustling about the hall.
So then the whole day long until the sun went down
They portioned to all, that no heart lacked its proper share;
Nor was missing there the splendrous lyre that Apollo held,
Nor the Muses' choir that sang responsive with beautiful voice.
But when the sun's bright light went down, then every one fared
To his home to rest. For each the famous, strong-armed one,
Hephæstus, had builded a house with inventive mind and skill.
And Zeus, the Olympian sender-of-lightning, went to his bed,

Where he aforetime was wont to rest, when sweet sleep came,
There went to repose; by his side was Hera of the golden throne.

HELEN ON THE WALLS OF TROY.

Thereafter Iris to white-armed Helen as messenger came,
In likeness of husband's sister, wife of Antenor's son,
Her whom Antenor's son, Prince Helicaon had,
Laodice, of Priam's daughters fairest by far.
In the hall she found her weaving an ample scarlet web,
A double mantle, whereon she'd strewn the many toils
And feats of horse-taming Trojans and bronze-cuirassed Achæans,
That they had borne on her account at Ares' hands.
So standing beside, swift-footed Iris spake to her:
"Come, sister mine, that thou may'st see the wonderful deeds
To be done by horse-taming Trojans and bronze-cuirassed Achæans.
Those who against each other were bringing tear-fraught war
Upon the plain, all-eager for baneful battle-strife,
They now are sitting in silence, while war is made to cease;
And they lean upon their shields, their long spears planted near.
Alexander, though, and Ares-beloved Menelaus intend
A battle with lances on thine account, and thou shalt be
Declared own wife of him that may the victor prove."
So spake the goddess and put sweet longing in Helen's heart
For former husband, for natal city, for parents, too.
So thereupon with lustrous linen she veiled her face,
And hastened then from her chamber, shedding a glistening tear;

But not alone, for two companions companied her,
Kine-eyed Clymene and bright Aethra, king Pittheus' child.
Quite soon thereafter unto the Western gates they came.
But Priam and his suite, Thymoetes, Panthous, Lampus the shrewd,
Hicetaon, scion of Ares, and Clytius—Ucalegon, too,
With Antenor, sages both—all of them elders of the folk—
Sat above the Western gates; because of age
Exempt from war, still excellent debators—like katydids,
That from a woodland tree send forth a sweet, clear voice.
Such were these chiefs of the Trojans seated on the tower.
When Helen coming toward the tower was seen of them,
They softly uttered one to another wingèd words:
"No blame that Trojans and comely-greaved Achæans long while
Endure to suffer griefs for such a woman's sake—
How fearfully like the undying goddesses is she in looks!
But even though she be all this, let her go in their ships,
Nor stay to ruin us, and our children by and by."
So spake they. But Priam called aloud to Helen and said:
"Come hither, my child, be seated by me, that thou may'st look
Upon thy former husband, thy kinsfolk and thy friends.
I hold not thee to blame; I hold the gods to blame;
'Tis they have brought this tear-fraught war of Achæans on me.
But name me now that giant man, that Achæan there,
Intrepid and massive. Others are even taller, indeed,
By a head, but never before mine eyes have looked upon
So comely, so stately a one—he seemeth a king-like man."
Then Helen, fairest of women, made answer to him and said:

"Most reverend and dread, dear father of my lord, art thou to me,
But would that evil death had pleased me, ere hither I came
With thy son, forsaking home, and kin, and youthful child,
And winsome companions of equal age. In such wise, though,
These things came not to pass; so weeping I waste away.
But I will tell thee that whereof thou'st questioned me:
This surely is Atreus' son, wide-ruling Agamemnon,
Not only a capable king, but a sturdy spearman withal.
Was husband's brother to me—ah, shameless, that this was so."
So spake she; the old man marvelling much at him, exclaimed:
"O happy Atreides, whose birth and life both Fate and God
Have blessed! Now I behold how many Achæan youths
Are subject to thee. I once to vineful Phrygia went,
And there I saw a very multitude of Phrygian men
On horses in glittering harness, Otreus' and Mygdon's folk,
The godlike kings. Along the banks of Sangarius were they camped;
For I was also numbered an ally among them that day
Whereon the Amazons came, a match for men; yet not
So many were they as are the bright-eyed Achæans here."
A second time the old man, seeing Ulysses, asked:
"Come, tell me now, my daughter, of this one, who is he?
Less by a head, indeed, than Atreus' son, Agamemnon,
But broader he seemeth in shoulders and chest. His armor is laid
Upon the all-nurturing ground, but he himself like a ram
Inspecteth the ranks of the men; so him to a ram thick-fleeced,

I liken, that keepeth in order a numerous flock of white sheep."
In answer to him forthwith spake Helen, daughter of Zeus:
"And this one, now, is deviceful Ulysses, Lærtes' son,
That was bred in the land of Ithaca, a country of ruggedness extreme,
Expert in all manner of wiles and counsels shrewdly planned."
To her at once discreet Antenor spake in reply:
"O madam, this word that thou hast spoken is very truth;
For brilliant Ulysses once before made embassy here,
On thine account, along with Ares-beloved Menelaus:
I made them my guests and welcomed them freely within my halls,
And I learned the looks of both and their counsels shrewdly planned.
Whenever, then, among the assembled Trojans they came,
If they were standing, Menelaus with shoulders broad o'ertopped
Them all; both sitting, Ulysses was the statelier one.
But when discourse and counsels they wove in the presence of all,
Menelaus, surely, spake with ready utterance—few words
Yet very clear—for he neither prosed nor missed the point,
Though the lesser in years. When now deviceful Ulysses arose,
He stood and gazed upon the ground with downcast eyes,
Nor waved his staff or backward or forward, but held it stiff,
Like a man unskilled—him surly and senseless one would deem.
But when his mighty voice from out his chest he sent,
And his words like winter snowflakes, then with Ulysses none

Could further contend, and we marvelled no more at
Ulysses' mien."
A third time, then, the old man, seeing Ajax, said:
"And who this other Achæan man, so noble and stout,
That overtops the Argives by a head and shoulders
broad?"
Then flowing-robed Helen, most brilliant of women,
made answer to him:
"And that one is Ajax the huge, to Achæans a bulwark
staunch.
Beyond him Idomeneus stands amid his Cretans, like a
god,
And gathered all about him the Cretan chieftains are.
Him oft did Ares-beloved Menelaus have for a guest
In our house in Argos, whene'er he came from Crete.
And all the other bright-eyed Achæans now I see,
And I might readily discern them also and tell their
names;
Yet two there are I cannot descry, twain chieftains of
the folk,
The horse-taming Castor, and the sturdy boxer Poly-
deuces,
Own brothers, whom with me the self-same mother bore.
From lovely Lacedæmon came they not along?
Or haply have they hither come in their seagoing ships,
But wish not now to thrust themselves in the press of
men,
In dread of the many scorns and jeers that of right are
mine?"
So spake she; but them life-gendering earth already held
In Lacedæmon yonder, their own dear natal land.

THE DUEL OF PARIS AND MENELAUS

AND

THE RETURN OF HELEN TO PARIS.

Thereafter Hector, Priam's son, and princely Ulysses
First measured the lists, then put the lots in a brazen helm,
And shook to learn which one should cast his bronze spear first.
The people prayed then, lifting up their hands to the gods.
In this wise many a one of Achæans and Trojans spake:
"O Father Zeus, that rul'st from Ida, noblest, supreme!
Whichever one hath brought upon both realms these toils,
Ordain that he shall die and go to Hades' house;
But grant that friendships come for us and trusty oaths."
So spake they; then mighty, shimmering-crested Hector, with face
Averted, shook the helm, and quick outleapt the lot
Of Paris. Then the folk were seated in ranks, every one
Beside his quick-stepping horses, where his well-wrought armor lay;
And princely Alexander, lovely-haired Helen's lord,
About his shoulders handsome armor gan put on.
But first of all he placed upon his shins the greaves
So comely, secured by silvern clasps, then on his breast
He donned his brother Lycaon's cuirass, refitting to himself,
And over his shoulders he cast a bronze sword silver-bossed,
And a shield, too, vast and stout, and on his dauntless head
He placed a well-wrought helm, with a thick-set horse-hair crest,
That nodded consternation from its downflowing plume;

And last he took a strong spear well-fitted to his hand.
In such wise, too, intrepid Menelaus put armor on.
Now when on either side they both were fully armed,
To the space between Achæans and Trojans forth they strode
With terrific mien—amazement seized the lookers-on
Of both horse-taming Trojans and bronze-cuirassed Achæans.
So forthwith standing near within the measured space,
The one at the other brandished his spear and glared his hate.
First Alexander hurled his long-shafted spear and struck
Menelaus' oval shield, the spear, though, brake not through;
For its point was backward bent within the sturdy shield.
Then next Atrides-Menelaus raised his spear, with a prayer
To Father Zeus: "O Sovereign Zeus, grant vengeance now
To me on him that hath aforetime done me wrong,
On princely Alexander, and do thou slay him now by my hand;
That many a one of those that may hereafter come,
Shall shrink to wrong a host that hath him kindness done."
So said, and poised the long-shafted spear, then hurled and struck
The oval shield of Priam's son. The ponderous spear urged through
The gleaming shield, and through the deftly-wrought cuirass
It pressed right on, and close by his loins the spear-head rent
His tunic, but he swerved aside, and so escaped black Doom.
Then Atrides drew his silver-studded sword and raised
Himself and smote the helmet-ridge, but on it the sword
Was shivered in pieces—three, yea, four—and fell from his hand.
With loud lament Atrides looked to the spacious sky:

"O Father Zeus, none other god so ruthless as thou!
I thought to wreck on Alexander vengeance for his crime;
But now my sword is shattered in my hands, and also my spear
Hath ineffective sped from my grasp, and I smote him not."
So said, and rushed on Paris, seized him by his horse-hair crest,
And whirled him, and dragged him toward the comely-greaved Achæans.
The richly broidered thong was choking his tender throat—
The strap tight-drawn below his chin to hold the helm.
And likely then Atrides had dragged him off and won
Ineffable glory, had not Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus,
Been quick to see; she tore asunder the ox-hide thong,
So only the empty helm came away in his brawny hand.
The warrior cast this with a swing to the comely-greaved Achæans,
And his trusty liegemen bore it off, but he himself
Rushed back again, all eager to slay him with a bronze-shod spear.
But Aphrodite caught the other up, as a god
Most easily may, and carried him hidden in darkness dense,
And in his fragrant-scented chamber set him down;
Then went herself to summon Helen. Her she found
Upon the lofty tower, with the Trojan women in throngs
About her. The perfumed raiment of Helen she grasped and shook,
In semblance of an aged grandam, a wool-yarn spinner, that wont
To prepare for her at home in Lacedemon choice wool,
And she was very fond of her. In likeness, then,
Of that one, brilliant Aphrodite spake to her:
"Come away, Alexander calleth thee home; for he, indeed,
Is in his chamber now upon his carven couch,

Resplendent in beauty and vesture. Thou would'st not deem that he
Had come from fighting a warrior, but rather on his way to the dance,
Or else, just now returned from the dance, hath seated himself."

So spake she, and stirred the heart of Helen within her breast.
As soon, though, as the beauteous neck of the goddess she espied,
And saw the entrancing bosom, too, and the sparkling eyes;
At once was she amazed, and spake and called her by name:
"Dread gooddess, why dost thou so desire to beguile me now?
To further populous cities dost wish to lead me on,
Of Phrygia haply, or else of charming Mæonia, where, too,
Thou likely hast some other darling of speech-gifted men?
Or is it because Menelaus hath even now subdued
The princely Alexander, that thou wilt lead me, a vile wretch, home?
Is it for this, then, guileful one, that thou art here?
Go thou and sit by his side, and withdraw from the paths of the gods;
Nor toward Olympus turn thy footsteps more, but sit
Beside him always grieving, and guard him well until
He make thee his wife, or else his slave-wife. Thither, though,
I go not—'twere disgrace—to furnish his bed. Henceforth
All Trojan women would shame me; and my heart is brimmed with griefs."
Incensed then brilliant Aphrodite spake out to her again:
"Provoke me not, foolhardy one! lest I in wrath
Discard thee, and hate thee then, as now I utterly love,

And I contrive between the Trojans and Danaans both
Fell hatreds, and so thou perish surely in wretched wise."
So said: then Helen, child of Zeus, was afraid, and went
Enwrapped in raiment dazzling white, silent, unmarked
By all the Trojan women, while the goddess led the way.

HECTOR'S LAST VISIT TO THE CITY.

When Hector now had reached the Western gates and the oak,
About him wives and daughters of the Trojans straightway ran,
Inquiring after husbands, brothers, sons and kin.
He thereupon enjoined on all to pray in turn
To the gods; but over many, funeral sorrows hung.
When now he came to Priam's right beautiful palace, built
With polished portals—fifty chambers were within
Of polished stone, well-wrought and close together set;
And the sons of Priam slept here beside their wedded wives—
For his daughters, too, within the court, but over against
The further side, were twelve roofed chambers of polished stone,
Well-wrought and close together set; and the sons-in-law
Of Priam slept herein beside their stately wives—
To meet him came his bountiful mother there and brought
Laodice, o'er all her daughters in beauty supreme.
She grasped and clung to his hand; and spake and called him by name:
"My son, now why hast left fierce war and hither come?
'Tis surely because the hateful sons of Achæans press
Thee sore in battle round about the city, that thy heart
Hath brought thee here to stretch from the city's heights thy hands
To Zeus. But stay awhile, till I fetch thee honey-sweet wine,

That thou may'st pour libation first to Father Zeus
And all the Undying Ones; shalt then refresh thyself,
If thou wilt drink; for wine increaseth the might of a man
Toil-wearied, as surely thou art wearied fighting for thy kin."
Then mighty shimmering-crested Hector answered her:
"O reverend mother, bring no honey-hearted wine,
Lest thou unnerve me, that I forego my steadfastness.
With unwashed hands, too, I dread to pour out flame-bright wine
To Zeus; for not at all should one, befouled with blood
And grime, make prayer to cloud-compeller, Cronion,
But go thou forth to the shrine of Athena, bestower of spoils,
And offer sacrifice, and bring together the aged dames;
And whatsoever robe of thine delightfullest
And amplest within the palace, the very dearest to thyself,
Take this and lay on beautiful-haired Athena's knees,
And vow at her shrine, then, twelve sleek kine to offer up,
That never felt the goad, if but compassion she have
Upon our city and Trojan wives and little ones.
Perhaps from sacred Ilium she'll restrain the son
Of Tydeus, savage spearman and mightly contriver of rout.
So go thou, then, to the shrine of Athena, bestower of spoils,
But I will go seek Paris to summon him, if so
He'll heed me—would the earth might yawn for him at once.
Him surely the Olympian reared to be a monstrous bane
To Trojans, to generous-hearted Priam, to Priam's sons.
If I but saw him going down to Hades' house,
Meseems my heart might then forget her grievous woe."
So spake he. Into the great-hall Hecuba went and called
Her waiting-women; these gathered then the aged dames
Together throughout the city. She herself went down

To her vaulted storeroom, wherein were kept her broidered robes
Of every color, work of Sidonian women, whom
Had godlike Alexander himself from Sidon brought away,
When he was voyaging over the far-extending sea—
That voyage in which he fetched the high-born Helen home.
Now Hecuba took out one of these to bear as a gift
To Athena, by far the handsomest-wrought and amplest one,
That shone like a star, and lay the nethermost of all,
Then went she forth, and there hastened after her a throng
Of aged dames. So when to Athena's shrine they came,
On the city's heights, fair-cheeked Theano oped the doors;
King Cisses' child was she, horse-taming Antenor's wife;
And priestess now to Athena had the Trojans chosen her.
The robe fair-cheeked Theano took and laid upon
The knees of beautiful-haired Athena, then lifting up
Her voice in prayer, besought the child of mighty Zeus:
"O reverend Athena, city protectress, goddess sublime,
Yea, shatter now Diomedes' spear, and further grant
That he shall fall headlong before the Western gates;
So we at thy shrine then twelve sleek kine may sacrifice,
That never felt the goad, if only compassion thou have
Upon our city and Trojan wives and little ones."
So spake she praying—but Palas Athena denied their suit.
Thus then were they beseeching the child of mighty Zeus,
When Hector came to Alexander's palace fair,
Which he had built himself with men most skilled of those
That were in deep-loamed Troas; on the city's heights these made
For him near Priam and Hector, a chamber and hall and court.
Then entered Hector, Zeus-beloved, in his hand he held
A spear eleven cubits long; before his face

The brazen spear-point gleamed, encircled with a golden ring.
And Paris he found in his chamber busied with splendrous arms,
A massive shield and cuirass, and testing his curvèd bow.
While Argive Helen there amid her thrall-maids sat
And assigned her waiting women far-famed handiwork.
On seeing Paris, Hector chid him with words of scorn:
"Perverse one, unseemly 'tis to nurse this grudge in thy heart;
The people perish around the city and towering walls
In warfare; on thy account is battle-cry, and war
Is flaming without the city; thyself would'st surely fight
With whomsoever thou sawest shirk abhorrent war.
But up! lest soon the city be burned with scorching fire."
And to him then godlike Alexander made answer and said:
"Since thou in measure, Hector, dost chide me, but not beyond,
So therefore will I speak; heed thou and listen unto me;
'Twas surely not for grudge against the Trojans so much,
Nor indignation, that I sat me in my chamber, but I yearned
To yield me so to my sorrow. Even now my wife
Hath been persuading with gentle words and urging me
To battle; and I myself feel, too, 'twere better so;
For victory ofttimes veereth from man to man. But come,
Wait here, though only till I put my armor on;
Or go thou on; I'll follow thee and overtake, I trust."
So spake he; but shimmering-crested Hector answered naught.
Then Helen with gentle, winning words accosted him:
"Ah, brother of one that am an ill-doing, horrid dog,
I would an evil whirlwind's blast had swept me off
To a mountain peak, the very day that I was born;
Or else to a swelling wave of the ever-surging sea,
And the wave had carried me away, ere deeds like these were done.

But since the gods have so devised these ills, I would
That I were wife to a worthier man, who felt disgrace
And the many shaming censures of men; but this one here
Hath neither now sound heart, nor ever will he have;
And so I think that he will harvest the fruit thereof.
But come within and rest thee here upon this seat,
My brother, since chiefly on thy heart a burden lies
Because of me, a dog, and for the infatuate wrong
Of Alexander; on both Zeus layeth an evil doom,
That we'll be made a song for men of after times."
Then mighty shimmering-crested Hector answered her:
"Of thy great kindness, Helen, ask me not to sit—
Thou'll not prevail—my heart is urgent now to help
The Trojans, that greatly long for me while I'm away.
But do thou stir up that one there to haste himself,
That he may overtake me still within the town;
As I myself will go unto my house the while,
That I may see my household, dear wife and infant son;
For I know not that I shall ever come to them again,
Or whether the gods shall slay me soon by Achæan hands."
So saying shimmering-crested Hector then went forth,
And soon thereafter came to his well-appointed house,
But did not find white-armed Andromache within the hall;
For she'd gone forth with the child and a comely-vestured maid,
And stood now wailing and weeping upon the city tower.
But Hector finding not his gentle wife within,
Went forth and standing upon the threshold to the thrall-maids spake:
"Lo there, thrall-maids, now tell me truly whither abroad
Hath white-armed Andromache gone forth from the hall? Hath she gone out
To my sisters, or unto my brothers' comely-vestured wives;
Or unto Athena's shrine with other beatiful-haired
Dardanian women to reconcile the goddess dread?"
And then the zealous housedame answered him and said:

"Since thou dost strictly charge us, Hector, to tell the truth;
Nor to sisters, nor to brothers' comely-vestured wives hath she gone away
Or unto Athena's shrine with other beautiful-haired
Dardanian women, to reconcile the goddess dread,
But went to Ilium's lofty tower, because she'd heard
That the Trojans were far-spent, and the Achæan power prevailed.
So hath she hastened forth to go to the city walls,
Like unto one distraught, and the nursemaid beareth the child."
So spake the house-dame. Hector went then forth from the house,
And hastened down on the well-built streets by the way he'd come,
And crossing the spacious city, reached the Western gates,
Through which he meant to pass out upon the battle-plain.
There, running to meet him, came his richly-dowered wife,
Andromache, daughter of generous-hearted Eëtion,
Eëtion, he that under wooded Placos dwelt,
In Thebè in the plain below, and ruled Celician men;
His daughter was wife to bronze-clad Hector. She met him there;
The nursemaid followed after and on her bosom bore
The child, a tender infant, Hector's darling son
Of starlike beauty. Hector named him Scamandrius,
All others called him Astyanax, the city king;
For Hector was Ilium's sole defence. So now he smiled
And silent gazed upon the boy; by his side the while
Andromache weeping stood and clasped her hand in his,
And calling him by name she said: "Misguided one,
Thy hardihood will be thy wreck; thou pitiest not
Thine infant child, nor me ill-starred, that now shall be
Thy widow; for soon the Achæans all shall overwhelm
And slay thee; 'twere better then that I, deprived of thee,
Go 'neath the ground; no more shall any cheer be mine,

When thou hast urged thy doom, but only choking grief—
For I have neither father nor reverend mother now;
Since brilliant Achilles slew our father and wholly destroyed
The Cilicians' well-peopled city, lofty-gated Thebe;
He slew Eëtion; yet him did not despoil; for his soul
Was awed therefrom, but burned him with his well-wrought arms,
And raised a tomb above him; and planted all around
Were elms by mountain nymphs, daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus.
And there were seven own brothers of mine within the halls.
And these, too, all on that day went to Hades' house;
For every one was slain by brilliant, swift-footed Achilles
Amid their trailing-footed kine and white-fleeced sheep.
My mother, that under wooded Placos reigned a queen,
He hither brought along with all the other spoil,
But after freed her, taking a ransom of countless wealth.
Her, though, the archeress Artemis slew in her father's halls.
But Hector, thou art father and reverend mother now
And kin to me, thou, my husband fresh and strong.
But have compassion now and stay upon this tower,
That so thou orphan not thy son, nor widow thy wife.
But station thy folk beside the fig-tree, since easiest there
The foe may clamber up and scale the city walls.
Yea, thrice came thither their bravest, striving to enter in,
The men of the two Aiantes, and those of famed Idomeneus,
And those of Atreus' sons, and those of strong Tydides.
Perhaps some skilled soothsayer revealed this thing to them;
Perhaps their own heart, though, is bidding and urging them on."
Then answering her, great shimmering-crested Hector spake:

"And truly all these things are a care for me, too, wife;
But I horribly dread the shameful scorn of Trojan men
And of long-robed Trojan women, if I should shrink from war.
My soul forbiddeth me, too, for I've learned to be ever brave,
And to fight in the Trojans' foremost battle-van, thereby to win
My father glory and renown and likewise unto myself.
Yet this I know full well deep down in heart and soul,
Shall come a day when sacred Ilium shall be destroyed,
And Priam, and folk of Priam, skilled hurler of the ashen spear,
Yet not the sufferings of Trojans by and by, disturb
Me so, nor those of Hecuba even, of Priam the king,
Of brothers many and noble falling prone in the dust
Before their foes, as doth thine own the day some bronze-
Cuirassed Achæan shall lead thee forth outpouring tears,
And wrest from thee the sunlight of thy freedom. In Argos then
Thou shalt most surely ply some other woman's loom,
Or water from fount Messeis or Hyperea bring
In deep despair and overborne by harsh restraint.
And then mayhap shall some one say, on seeing thee weep:
"This one was wife of Hector, the valiantest in fight
Of horse-taming Trojans, the while around high Ilium men warred."
So one shall say and stir thy grief afresh for lack
Of such an husband to ward the day of thralldom off.
But me let heaped-up earth conceal in death, that I
May never hear thy cries, nor see thee haled away."
So saying, glorious Hector held out his arms to his child,
But the child shrank back to the comely-girdled nurse's breast
With loud outcry, dazed and frightened by his father's look,

In terror of the brazen gleam, and the horsehair crest he saw
So threatful nod from the helmet-peak. Then his father laughed
And his reverend mother smiled. But glorious Hector then
Took off and put the gleaming helm upon the ground;
Then kissed his darling child and tossed him up in his arms,
And spake in prayer to Zeus and to all the other gods:
"O Zeus and all ye gods, grant now this son of mine
May be, as I, among the Trojans pre-eminently first,
Majestic in strength, and be of Ilium a mighty king;
That men may say: 'Far greater than his father hath he come to be',
As he from battle returneth bearing the blood-stained spoil
Of the foe he hath slain; that so the heart of his mother rejoice."
So saying, into the dear mother's arms he put his child;
She took it then to her fragrant bosom, smiling through tears.
And the husband saw and pitied her then, thereupon with his hands
Caressed her, and spake a further word and called her by name:
"My dear one, prithee be not too much grieved at heart;
Since me shall no man hurl untimely to Hades' house;
His destiny, though, I deem hath no one ever escaped,
Nor coward man nor brave, when once he hath been born.
But go thou home, be busied there with thy household work,
The distaff and the loom, and set thy maids their task; but war
Is a care for men, and of Ilium's men is mainly mine."
So glorious Hector spake, and his horsehair-crested helm
Took up; and his dear wife homeward went, but oft looked back,

And swollen tears let fall, and soon thereafter came
To man-slaying Hector's well-appointed house and found
Her many waiting women there, and stirred them all
To loud lament. For Hector still alive they wailed
In his house. It seemed to them that never more would he
Come back from battle, nor escape the Achæans' furious hands.

THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF HECTOR BESEECH HIM NOT TO STAY WITHOUT THE WALLS TO FIGHT ALONE WITH ACHILLES.

So saying haughty Achilles turned and hasted to go
To the city, and sped like a prize-winning horse in a chariot race,
That lightly and eagerly over the plain doth run his course;
With such great speed Achilles plied his feet and knees.
Now him the aged Priam first clearly saw, as he sped
Across the plain, all-gleaming, like the star that cometh out
At harvest time. Among the many stars of night
Its rays shine clear—the star men name Orion's dog—
Most brilliant of all, and yet for an evil sign is it there;
Moreover it bringeth much fever upon unhappy men.
So gleamed the bronze upon his breast as on he sped.
The old man mourned aloud and beat his head with his hands,
And raising them aloft, he wailed in shrill lament,
Beseeching his dear-loved son, that stood before the gates
All eager to fight with Achilles. Then with piteous voice
The old man, stretching forth his hands, called out and said:
"I pray thee, dear Hector, my son, do not await this man

Alone—not one beside thee—lest quickly thou meet thy doom,
Laid low by Peleus' son, since he is mightier far,
A direful man—oh, that the gods loved him as I;
Then quick his unburied body would dogs and vultures eat—
So, surely, would this horrid anguish leave my heart—
By him I've been bereaved of many noble sons,
Some slain and others sold to islands far away.
Yea, now again two sons, Sycaon and Polydor,
I cannot see among the Trojans crowding in.
The sons that Laothoa, queenliest of women, bore to me.
But if they be alive within the Achæan camp,
We'll ransom them with bronze and gold from the hoard within;
For reverend far-famed Altes left much wealth to his child.
If though they be dead and already gone to Hades' house,
Then grief shall be mine and their mother's—ours that gave them birth.
To the rest of the folk, however, a briefer pain shall there be,
If only thou, too, die not, slain by Achilles' hand.
But come within the wall, my son, that so thou save
The Trojan men and Trojan women, nor give great fame
To Peleus' son, and be of thine own dear life bereaved.
Have pity, too, on me so helpless, that still am alive,
Forlorn, whom Father Zeus by a direful doom will bring
To nought on the threshold of age, beholding many ills,
His sons all put to death and his daughters haled away,
And his chambers ravaged, and his infant children hurled
To the ground in horrible slaughter, and his sons' wives dragged away
By the baneful hands of Achæans. Me, last of all, shall dogs
Of ravine drag from the entrance-doors, when thrust of spear

Or hurl of javelin hath driven my soul away from my limbs,
The dogs I've reared in my halls and at my table fed,
That they might guard my doors—aye, these shall drink my blood,
And maddened in mind, shall couch them then in the gateway porch.
It becometh a young man wholly, e'en to be slain in war,
By the sharp-edged bronze to be torn and to lie on the battle-field;
For all things are seemly to him thus dead, whatever be seen;
When, though, the grey-haired head, and the grey-haired face, and all
The nakedness is bared of an old man slain, and by dogs defiled—
Most pitiful this of all that is sent to mortal men."
So spake the old man and grasped and tore the grey locks from his head.
But Hector's heart he did not move. The mother then,
With weeping and wailing besought him, and drawing aside her robe,
And laying her bosom bare, she spake forth winged words:
"O Hector, my child, have reverence for these and pity me;
If ever I gave thee my soothing breasts, think of these, dear son;
From within the walls ward off the foe, and stay not there
To meet this merciless one; if he shall slay thee so,
It surely will not be upon a funeral couch that I,
Dear child, who gave thee birth, nor thy richly dowered wife
Shall make our wail for thee; but far away from us
Shall swift-footed dogs devour thee beside the Argive ships."
So wailing they spake to their dear loved son, beseeching him sore;

Yet Hector's heart they did not move, but waiting he staid
For the coming of huge Achilles. As a mountain snake that hath fed
On noxious poisons awaiteth a man, and hideous wrath
Hath entered him, and frightful he glareth as he coileth himself
About his den. So Hector's dauntless heart flinched not,
But against a lofty tower he leaned his shining shield.

THE DEATH-LAMENT OF BRISEIS FOR PATROCLUS.

Now when Briseis, golden Aphrodite's peer,
Beheld Patroclus pierced by the lance's sharp-edged bronze,
She cast herself upon him prone with shrill outcry,
And tore her breast and tender throat and beautiful face;
And then amid her wailings the goddess-like woman spake:
"Patroclus, gratefulest thou to the heart of wretched me!
I left thee here in the cabin alive, when forth I went,
And now come back again, Folk-leader, I find thee dead.
So always doth for me new harm to harm succeed.
The husband that father and reverend mother gave me to,
Him pierced before the city by the lance's sharp-edged bronze
I saw; and brothers three were mine, of one mother born,
These near and dear ones all urged on their day of doom.
But thou, again and again, when swift Achilles had slain
My husband and ravaged godlike Myne's city, would'st strive
That I might cease bewailing, an said'st that I should be
Divine Achilles' lawful-wedded wife; should go
To Phthia in the ships, and marriage feast be made for me

Among the Myrmidons. So therefore do I mourn thee dead
With all my heart; for thou wast always kind."
So spake she moaning, and thereupon the women wailed,
In seeming for Patroclus—each one, though, for her own distress.

LAMENTATION OF PRIAM, HECUBA, AND ANDROMACHE UPON THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

Vile usage then of noble Hector Achilles planned.
He pierced the tendons of either foot behind, from heel
To ankle joint, and through them ox-hide thongs he thrust
And made them fast to the car, but left his head to trail.
Then mounting the car and lifting the famous armor in,
He lashed to urge the horses on—not loath they flew.
From the one so dragged along a swift dust-cloud rose;
His ebon hair disheveled flowed waving back; his head,
Before so comely, now was lying all in the dust.
At last had Zeus abandoned him to his hateful foes,
To work dishonor upon him in his own dear native land.
So then his head was wholly dust-begrimed. When now
His mother saw, she tore her hair and cast away
Her lustrous veil, and wailed exceeding bitter cries,
While pitiful mourned his father, and the folk around were seized
With wail and moan throughout the city. Most like it seemed
That Ilium's beetling heights were utterly burning down.
Then hardly might the folk restrain the frenzied man
So set on going forth was he from the Dardanian gates;
For groveling down in the mire, did he beseech them all,
And speak to each one there, and call them all by name:
"Let be, good friends, although ye love me much, oppose
Me not in going forth alone to the Achæan ships,
To supplicate this maddened, horror-working man;

If haply he be shamed before his fellow-youths,
And pity old age; for he, too, hath a father such as I,
Prince Peleus, who begat and brought him up to be a curse
To Trojans; but most of all to me hath he brought distress,
So many sons of mine hath he slain in their bourgeoning prime;
Yet all deplore I not so much—though greatly grieved—
As this one, sharp sorrow for whom shall bring me to Hades' house,
Aye, Hector. Would he had died in mine arms, for then could we
Have sated ourselves with weeping and wailing, his mother ill-doomed,
That gave him birth, and I myself." So spake and moaned;
And thereupon the townsmen joined their wail with his.
Then Hecuba 'mong the Trojan women raised a shrill
Lament: "My child, why longer must I live in pain!
The utmost I've endured, thou being dead, that wast
My boast throughout the city night and day, and for all,
Both Trojan men and Trojan women, a constant guard;
A god they hailed thee; for surely in life wast a glory supreme.
To them:—but now have Death and Fate o'ertaken thee."
So spake she moaning. But not as yet had Hector's wife
Heard aught; no trusty messenger had come to bring her word
That still without the gates her husband stayed. She, though,
Was busy at the loom within a recess of the lofty hall;
Was weaving a two-fold purple web with flowers inwrought.
She called to her comely-tressed attendants throughout the house,
To place the great three-footed caldron close by the fire,
To warm the bath of Hector returned from the battle-field.

Poor child; she did not know how very far from baths
Stern-eyed Athena had laid him low by Achilles' hands.
At last from the city battlements wailing and mourning
she heard,
And her limbs 'gan swaying and reeling, and the shuttle
fell to the ground.
Again among her comely-tressed thrall-maids she spake
and said:
"Come two of you with me that I may learn what things
Are happening. 'Twas my husband's venerable mother's
voice
I heard, and my heart leapt up to my mouth, and my
knees are numbed
Beneath me; some evil hap hath come to Priam's sons.
May such a word be far from mine ear! but I fearfully
dread
Lest brilliant Achilles may now have cut rash Hector off
From the city, and forced him out on the open plain,
alone,
And so hath put an end to the stout-hearted foolhardiness
That possessed him; for never in the throng of men was
he willing to stay,
But pressed beyond; that daring of his gave place to
none."
So saying she hastened from the great hall forth, like a
woman crazed,
With quivering heart; Her heedful attendants companied
her.
But when she reached the city battlements and the throng
of men,
She stood on the wall with searching gaze, and saw him
dragged
Before the city; ruthlessly him the swift horses drew
To the Achæans' hollow ships; then black night darkened
down
On her eyes, and backward she fell, and breathed her soul
away.
Far off from her head were cast aside her glistening
tire,

Her frontlet, and snood, and woven band, and brilliant veil,
Which golden Aphrodite gave to her upon the day
That shimmering-crested Hector led her forth from the house
Of her father Eëtion; bride-gifts unnumbered he gave for her.
Around her pressed her husband's sisters and his brothers' wives,
And they held her up among them, dazed and ready to die.
But when she breathed again, and her spirit returned to her breast,
Then wailing and sobbing 'mid the Trojan women at length she spake:
"O Hector, O wretched me! to one doom then we both
Were born, thou in Troy in Priam's house, and I
In Thebè under wooded Placos in Eëtion's house,
Who brought me up from babyhood—ill-fated sire
Of cruel-fated me, whom would he'd ne'er begot!
Thou goest now to Hades' house beneath the earth's
Dim-hidden caverns, and leavest me alone in horrid grief
A widow in thy halls, the child, too, still so young,
Whom we've begotten, thou and I, ill-fated twain.
Thou, Hector, dead shalt be no help to him, nor he
To thee. E'en though he 'scape the Achæans' grievous war,
Yet surely trial and sorrow shall ever hereafter be his;
For alien men shall seize his cultivated fields.
The day of orphanage putteth a child away from his mates,
And he's all bowed down, and his cheeks are ever washed with tears.
In want the child then goeth to his father's comrades, and some
He plucketh by the cloak and some by the tunic, until of those
That pity him, some one offereth then a cup to his mouth
A little, to moisten his lips, but not his palate at all.

And then some lad that hath both father and mother, shall drive
Him forth from the feast with blow of fist and taunting words:
'Begone now, thy father is not at all a guest of ours.'
Then to his widowed mother the child shall return in tears,
Astyanax, that once upon his father's knees,
Of marrow only ate and the very fatness of sheep.
When sleep laid hold on him and he ceased his childish play,
Then would he sweetly slumber in bed, in his nurse's arms
So softly couched, and his heart with good things satisfied.
Bereft of his father many ills shall he now endure,
Astyanax, the city king, for the Trojans so
Surnamed thy son, seeing that thou didst defend alone
Its gates and far-stretching walls. But now by the curve-beaked ships,
From parents far, on thee the shimmering worms shall feed,
When the dogs at last have sated themselves—and naked thou art!
Yet lieth there now within thy halls thy raiment fair
And delicate, wrought by women's hands. But I shall burn
Them surely with blazing fire—no longer of use to thee,
Since thou wilt never lie in them; but this shall show
'Mong Trojan men and Trojan women honor to thee."
So spake she moaning, and thereunto the women wailed.

PRIAM AND HECUBA.

Then Priam called to Hecuba his wife and said to her:
"My dear one, from Zeus an Olympian messenger hath come to me,

That I shall go to the ships of Achæans and ransom our
son,
And take to Achilles gifts, the which may gladden his
heart.
But come now tell me, how seemeth this to thee in thy
mind?
As for me, at least, mine eager heart is urging me forth
Out yonder, to the ships within the Achæans' spacious
camp."
So spake he; but wailing aloud the wife replied to his
words:
"Ah, woe is me, now whither hath thy good sense gone,
For which thou wast aforetime famed 'mong alien folk
And those o'er whom thou rulest? How canst thou wish
to go
Alone to the ships of Achæans, to the eyes of a man that
hath slain
So many brave sons of thine? Thy heart is surely iron.
For should he catch thee there and gaze on thee with his
eyes—
This savage, perfidious man—he will have no pity at all,
And nowise reverence thee. But now let us weep and
wail
For our son far off, while we in the great hall sit; for so
All-ruling Fate did spin her thread for him at his birth—
The time I bear him, yea I—to surfeit swift-footed dogs,
Far away from father and mother, held by a tyrannous
man,
Whose very liver would that I might fasten on
And devour; then venging deeds would happen him to
requite
My son, whom when he would not play the coward, he
slew.
For Trojan men and low-girdled Trojan women firm
He stood, nor did he think at all of shelter or of flight."
Then aged god-like Priam spake in answer to her:
"Do not oppose my yearning to go, nor willingly be
A bird of ill-omen in my halls, since me thou'lt not per-
suade.

Had it been some other, an earth-born one, that bade me this—
A necromancer, diviner, or sacrificing priest—
Then might we deem it false and give no heed thereto.
But now since I have heard the goddess herself and seen,
I go, and her word shall not be vain. But if my doom
Shall be to die by the ships of the bronze-cuirassed Achæans,
I wish it so; let Achilles slay me then forthwith,
When mine arms have clasped my son, and my surfeit of mourning I've had."

In the lofty palace Priam and the herald together then
Were having the cars made ready, with crowded thoughts in their minds.
When Hecuba, grieved at heart, came forth with honey-sweet wine
In a golden bowl, to make libation before they went.
And she stood before the horses, and spake and called him by name:
"Take this and make libation to Father Zeus and pray
That home again thou may'st return from ill-minded men,
As thy heart is urging thee forth to the ships, though it liketh me not.
So pray thou then to cloud-compeller Cronos' son,
Idæan Zeus, that scanneth all the Trojan plain,
And ask of him a bird of omen, the messenger swift,
To him the dearest of birds, whose strength is greatest of all,
To show on thy right, so that thine own eyes seeing him,
Thou mayest go in trust to the swift-driving Danaans' ships.
If wide-espying Zeus shall deny his messenger to thee,
I surely then shall never thereafter encourage thee more
To go to the ships of the Argives, though ever so urgent thou be."
And then in answer godlike Priam spake to her:
"O wife, I'll surely not gainsay this bidding of thine;

'Tis good to stretch the hands to Zeus, that pitiful he'll be."
So said, and then required his stewardness upon his hands
To pour the water; forthwith the attendant came and brought
In her hands a pitcher and basin. So when he had washed, he took
The cup from his wife, and standing then in the midst of the court,
He prayed, and poured the wine, and looking toward heaven, so spake:
"O Father Zeus, that rulest from Ida, most glorious and great!
Vouchsafe that I with Achilles welcome and pity find,
And send for me a bird of omen, the messenger swift,
To thee the dearest of birds, whose strength is greatest of all,
To show on my right, so that mine own eyes seeing this sign,
I may to the ships of the swift-driving Danaans in confidence go."
So spake he in his prayer, and all-wise Zeus harkened to him,
And forthwith sent an eagle down, of winged things
The perfectest, the noble hunter, black-eagle named of men.
Wide as a door, well-wrought, close-fitted, of the high-roofed house
Of a wealthy man—so wide were his wings both ways. He was seen
Of them all, across the city speeding upon the right.
They seeing him rejoiced, and the hearts of all were warmed.
The old man hastened then to mount his polished car,
And forth he drave from the pillared porch and echoing hall.

THE BURIAL OF HECTOR.

When saffron-vestured Dawn had lighted all the earth,
They drave the horses cityward with wail and moan,
The while the mules conveyed the dead. Now, none at first,
Nor man nor comely-girdled woman, marked them, save
Cassandra, golden Aphrodite's peer. She clomb
High Pergamus, and thence descried her father standing up
In the car, and the City's clear-voiced herald along with him;
At last, she saw the one that lay upon the bier
Behind the mules. Thereat she wailed, and shrilled a call
Throughout the city: "O Trojan men and women, come
And look on Hector; if ever while he lived you joyed
To welcome him returned from battle. Joy supreme
Was he, in sooth, to gentle and to simple folk."
So spake she. Then within the city no man stayed
Nor woman, resistless grief had come to every one;
And near the gates they met with him that brought the dead.
Beloved wife and reverend mother first, with hair
Dishevelled, cast themselves upon the well-wheeled wain,
And stroked his head; about them stood the wailing throng.
And all day long until the sun went down, they would,
With loud lament, have wept for him before the gates,
Had not the father called to them from out the car
"Give place to me and let the mules come through, and then,
By and by, your fill of lamentation you shall take,
When I have brought him home." So spake he. Parted they,
Gave place and let the wain pass on. And when at last
They reached the far-famed house, upon a carven bed
They laid him, placing minstrels near to lead the dirge.

These raised a mournful song, the while the women keened.
Among them white-armed Andromache led the death-lament,
While holding in her hands man-slaying Hector's head:
"Cut off, O husband, in thy youth, hast left me here
A widow in these halls; the child, too, still so young,
Whom we begot, thou and I, ill-fated twain!
And I shall never see him come to youthful prime;
For long ere that this city shall be sacked and waste;
Since thou art dead that heldest o'er it watch and ward,
And keptest safe its worthy wives and little ones.
Them soon the hollow ships shall take and bear away,
And with them me. And thou, too, child, perhaps shalt go
With me to toil by cruel master vilely tasked;
Or some Achæan shall seize thee by the arm and hurl
Thee down from towering battlements—a piteous death,
Enraged for brother, father, son by Hector slain;
Since countless Achæans at Hector's hands have bit the ground;
For not at all was thy father mild in hot, fierce fight.
Throughout the city, therefore, all the folk lament.
Abhorrent wail and sorrow, Hector, hast thou brought
Thy parents; chiefly, though, with me abideth pain
And grief. Thou dying didst not stretch thy hand to me
From out thy bed, nor speak to me some freighted word,
Which I might always ponder, showering tears through nights
And days." So spake she moaning; thereto the women keened.
Among them Hecuba then took up the death-lament
"Of all my children, Hector, dearest thou to my heart!
To the gods, too, while thou livedst, thou was truly dear,
And in thy fateful death still they cared for thee.
For other sons of mine Achilles, swift of foot,
Hath seized and sold beyond the never-resting sea,
To Samos and Imbros and murky Lemnos, barbarous isle.
But when with keen-edged sword he took thy life away,

He dragged thee many times around Patroclus' tomb,
His comrade slain by thee, yet could not bring him back.
Now, dewy-fresh and lifelike liest thou in the halls,
As one 'gainst whom Apollo, bearer of the silvern bow,
Hath but despatched his painless shafts and therewith
slain."
So spake she moaning, and woke again incessant wail.
Among them Helen lastly raised the death-lament:
"Of all my husband's brothers, Hector, far dearest thou;
For godlike-beauteous Alexander is most surely my lord,
That brought me here to Troas, I would that I had died
Before! 'Tis twenty years agone I came away,
Abandoning my fatherland, yet never heard from thee
harsh word
Or gibing insolence. If others in the halls upbraided me,
My husband's brothers, sisters, brothers' fair-robed wives,
Or mother—the father, though, was ever good and kind,
As if mine own—then wouldst thou soothe and placate
them
With gentle-heartedness and quiet words. For this do I
Bewail with aching heart, both thee and me forlorn;
Since there is left me now none other gentle one and
kind
In spacious Troas; shuddering all shun me." So spake
she
And wailed aloud; and thereto moaned the multitude.
But the aged Priam gave command among the folk
"Go, Trojans, now and bring to the city wood, nor have
In heart a fear of Argive ambuscades; for when
Achilles sent me forth from the black ships home, he bade
There be no mischief done until the twelfth morn come."
So spake he. Quickly yoked they oxen then and mules
To wains, and soon before the city gathered all.
Nine days they fetched unmeasured store of wood;
But when the tenth morn, bringing light to mortals, shone,
Sore weeping, bare they dauntless Hector forth and laid
Him on the lofty pyre, and put they fire thereto.
When Morning's first-born, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared,
The people gathered around illustrious Hector's pyre.

They quenched at first the smouldering fire with ruddy wine;
His brothers then and comrades weeping gathered up
The shining bones; aye, welling tears flowed down their cheeks.
The bones they took and softly lapped in scarlet cloths
And laid them in a golden urn, and this they placed
At once within a hollowed grave, and overspread
Great close-packed stones and quickly raised a barrow, while
Around were watchmen set to guard against attack
By comely-greaved Achæans before the time. So when
The barrow had been raised, they wending home again,
Were gathered in the halls of Priam, Zeus-fostered king,
And there in noble banquet feasted they right well.
In such wise, then, horse-taming Hector's funeral was had.

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